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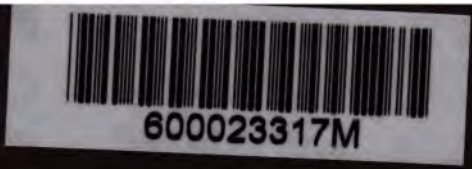
MEMOIR OF THE
HON. MRS. HAY PATERSON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Memoir of

THE HON. MRS. HAY PATERSON,

OF MUGDRUM.

Memoir

OF THE

HON. MRS. HAY PATERSON,

OF MUGDRUM.

By her Sister,

CHARLOTTE OLIPHANT.

London:
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1880.

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PREFACE.

THE late Rev. Thomas Vorse, of St. Mary's Church and St. Mary's Lodge, Halton, Hastings, being a friend of the family, and knowing the piety of this most estimable lady, the Hon. Mrs. HAY PATERSON, of Mugdrum, was asked to write a short Preface to this 'Memoir.'

He replied, 'I had so true a Christian regard for your sister, I will endeavour to write a short Introduction to it.' But, to use his own words on hearing of her death, 'She has gone up higher, faultless before the throne,' is

[redacted] entered

[redacted] was com-

[redacted] glorify

[redacted] the ex-

[redacted] power over

[redacted] Christ

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MEMOIR

OF THE

HON. MRS. HAY PATERSON,

OF MUGDRUM.

Birth and Early Years.

It is the wish of the relatives and others that a Memoir should be written of the most deeply-lamented, beloved, and much-esteemed lady, the late Honourable Mrs. Hay Paterson, of Mugdrum. So one who knew that lovable lady from her cradle to her grave has endeavoured to comply with their wishes by doing so. It would take volumes to write out her years of good deeds for the souls and bodies of her fellow-creatures, and all

her labours of love, day by day, for her beloved Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, her Saviour and Redeemer. It is enough that God knows them done for His honour and glory, and they are registered in heaven. But if the few remnants that have been gleaned of the lovely and godly life of this estimable lady should induce any who may chance to read these simple truths to 'go and do likewise' for the glory of God, our continual Benefactor; and remind all, as she did, that they had an undying soul, and the value of the soul, its costless price, the precious Blood of the Lamb of God, shed for its redemption—and what can we give in exchange for our soul? —for those who winneth souls are wise —then this simple memoir will have its richest reward, as 'Follow me'—Jesus —should be our watchword.

The Honourable Marianne Oliphant Murray, youngest daughter of the eighth Baron Elibank, was born on the 20th of December, 1823, at Ballencrieff House, Haddingtonshire, and married, in 1848, Peter Hay Paterson, Esq., of Carpow, Perthshire—the issue of that marriage being five children. Two sons and two daughters survive their beloved widowed mother. It pleased God that she should undergo the greatest of all earthly tribulations, losing suddenly her fond husband in 1863; and from that period most arduous, important, responsible duties devolved upon Mrs. Hay Paterson. Being the sole guardian of her young children, to her was entrusted their education for time and eternity, and the entire control over the fine estates that her eldest son, a young minor, had succeeded to.

There was nothing remarkable in the early years of the Honourable Mrs. Hay Paterson. Her childhood was like the childhood of most children—refreshing, innocent simplicity; neither precocious for her years nor a prodigy. 'Just when I was a child, I spake as a child, understood as a child, thought as a child.' But it had one remarkableness—remarkable for the sweetest of tempers, that enviable gift which it had pleased God to bestow upon her throughout her life.

When she was seven years old her little temper was tested one day by her fond mother. Little M. had a profusion of pretty, brown curls flowing down to her little white shoulders, which tempted her to look at them in the looking-glass. Her mother found her doing so more than once, and said, 'I shall have no little vain children admiring themselves

in the glass—all the curls are to be cut off for doing so,'—and sent for a hair-dresser, who thoroughly cropped off to the roots the beautiful curly hair. The sweet child bore it all in silence, without a cross look, word, or murmur. The perfect amiability of the dear, placid child under this well-meant correction for vanity, quite melted the mother's heart with a pang of regret for having done so. But the darling child was richly rewarded in time with the ornament of a beautiful head of hair.

From a very young child she had a great love for music, having a nurse who warbled like a nightingale, and the good little ear, and the well-tuned voice caught up early the sweet sounds of singing; and at the tender age of six years her greatest delight was standing by the piano listening to her

fond mother singing, and she would sing by ear many pretty little simple songs she heard played. So the sweet little songstress of the nursery gave fair promise of the beautiful voice in store for after years that delighted many hearers; being so rich in quality, so melodious in tone, so full of pathos. How exquisitely she sang that beautiful sacred song, 'Resignation;' from the depth of her heart sang the meaning of the resigned, touching words, 'While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept: who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.' It brought tears to the eyes of some present, her intense feeling in singing that divine, resigned, pathetic song.

At twelve years of age she went to a superior boarding-school, and remained at school for three years; but her health being rather delicate, she returned home, and finished her education with a governess and masters.

Mrs. Hay Paterson was much admired when a young lady for her great personal attractions. She was lovely in appearance, elegant in deportment, innately refined; the sunshine of heaven within, heaven without, beaming on her beautiful, placid, expressive countenance. She was gentle in manner, kind and most courteous in speech to all classes; so thoroughly winning and attractive in all her kind, sweet ways; so self-possessed under all circumstances, and on all occasions. It was said of her, 'No one understood how to shake a hand with the same elegance and kindness as she

did.' But affectionate kindnesses beset all her actions. To her personal charms were added the more lasting attractions, the beauty of an eminently pious mind.

When quite a young girl her eldest brother gave her a word to find out with the ivory letters, saying, 'That is what you are.' How that word was realised throughout her blessed life—'*Peerless*.'

Conversion.

On a lovely, bright, summer day, when walking with her sister and a dear and valued friend in the beautiful grounds of her charming, picturesque residence at Mugdrum, on the banks of the noble river Tay, and beholding Nature so enchantingly renewed with all its new-born summer attire, in verdure clad, led the reflective and very pious mind of dear Mrs. Hay Paterson to meditate on the new birth of the soul, and she said, with much feeling and earnestness,—

'I date my conversion (born again—the new birth) from a very serious illness, that *I can now say* it pleased a Most Merciful God to chasten me with for the health of my soul.'

Her friend replied: 'You were always good from your earliest years—so very attentive to all your religious duties.'

She sweetly answered,—'You are kind in saying so, but strict attention to our religious duties is not always conversion; many may lead an outwardly blameless life, and not be converted.'

Her friend said, 'Tell me what you mean by being converted—conversion.'

She said, 'It is to believe and trust in Christ, to receive Christ into our heart; that is living faith, and gives us assurance that we are born again, converted, for the Bible says, "As many as received Him (Christ), to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name." So, then, we are born of God—a child of God—and can say, "Abba Father." The Holy Spirit, the Comforter, quickens us with

spiritual life to hear the voice of Christ in the soul, and makes known within that we are born again; and I had not this assurance of my conversion till awakened to know it through the grace of God by the Holy Spirit during my illness. The light of the Gospel then shone upon me more clearly—none of self; all of Thee—to look outwardly to Christ, the God of Peace, for inward peace.'

Her friend said, 'You were always trying to do good. You were indefatigable in good works.'

Mrs. Paterson said, 'Thank you, dear Louisa, for all your kind words towards me; but the Bible tells us plainly we must not lean on our works for *salvation*, "for by grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast." "Not by works of righte-

ousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which He shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour." Our works are evidences—fruits of living faith. "That they which have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works." We must work from salvation, "work it out with fear and trembling,"—the glory of God ever the frontispiece in our good works.'

Mrs. Paterson often repeated this Gospel hymn :—

'Nothing, either great or small, nothing,
sinner, no;
Jesus did it, did it all, long, long ago.
When He from His lofty throne stoop'd to do
and die,
Everything was fully done; hearken to His cry:
"It is finished!" Yes, indeed, finish'd every jot;
Sinner, this is all you need, tell me, is it not?

Weary, working, plodding one, why toil you so?
Cease your doing; all was done, long, long ago.
Till to Jesus' work you cling by a simple faith,
"Doing" is a deadly thing, "doing" ends in death.
Cast your deadly "doing" down, down at Jesus' feet.
Stand in Him, in Him alone, gloriously complete!'

Mrs. Hay Paterson had a most serious illness some years after her marriage. Her life was seemingly hanging on a feeble thread. She was so prostrated from weakness that it deprived her of speech. One day such a death-like stillness reigned over her heavenly countenance, so pale and calm was her sweet face, that her dear husband and attendants became alarmed, and put a small hand-glass to her mouth to see if life was in her. But though apparently lifeless and silent, she was conscious of all

that was going on around her. The Divine Physician was anointing her soul with His blessed unction. She was inhaling the soft breathings of the Heavenly Dove, the Holy Spirit the Comforter, into her inmost soul; strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man, and praying with all prayer and supplication in the spirit that, if it pleased a Most Merciful God to spare her life, it might henceforth be devoted to His service: 'I will serve the Lord.' It pleased her heavenly Father to answer her most fervent petition, and nobly and truthfully did she fulfil her vow in devoting her life to His service; so that illness was not unto death, but proved one of the kindest and most loving messages from heaven for the eternal welfare of her immortal soul, and for the good of the souls of others.

Mrs. Hay Paterson rose from that bed of languishing, invigorated with spiritual strength, and made religion bright and happy to all around her. Being filled with joy and peace in believing, the eyes of her understanding saw clearly free grace, free salvation,—'whosoever will let him take the water of life freely;' left Sinai for Mount Zion —worked from salvation—'old things passed away, all things became new.'

Yes; Mrs. Paterson dated her conversion from that blessed, sanctified illness. She used often, often to say a favourite Bible text, 'Be filled with the Spirit.' It pleased God to fulfil it unto her. She could say,—

'O happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.'

Daily Life and Little Narratives.

Only a faint sketch can be given of the daily life of dear Mrs. Paterson, as her good works and kindnesses were so abundant. There are diversities of gifts, and it pleased God to give her the gift of going about doing good, striving through grace to follow the footsteps of her blessed Redeemer. She looked well to the ways of her household in things spiritual and temporal. She reminded every one under her roof to seek God *first* in everything, to seek first a portion in His heavenly kingdom through the merits of Jesus. Prayer was her 'golden key,' to open every morning, and shut up every evening, with her household; she honoured God

in her home, by her Christian life. Mrs. Paterson was so gifted in extempore prayer—truly the Holy Spirit had touched her tongue with a live coal from off His altar, and taught her how to pray such earnest, devout outpourings of prayer from her heart at the domestic altar. She had a ready prayer for all occasions; she conducted family worship herself; but when there were clergymen and lay preachers among the visitors, they did the duty for her. A sweet hymn, led off by her beautiful voice, commenced the household prayers, a chapter of the Bible and short exposition on the chapter; and then all knelt in prayer at a throne of grace, seeking to bring the entire household under the protection and guidance of God, was comforting and refreshing. What a tender, energetic, devoted mother she was to

her beloved children, who were ever her first concern; she spared no pains in a fond mother's love towards them. Self set aside and too often neglected in attending to her dear children as long as she was spared to them; she did her part to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, in their tender years—her last visit every night was to the nursery and bed-room of her children, to see all was well with them before she retired to rest; and they returned their fond mother's visit the following morning, as soon as dressed; went to her room to say their 'good morning Bible verse' to their dear mamma, and kneel beside her in prayer for a Father's blessing and watchful care over them for the day; and before going to bed at night each child was seated round the drawing-room table, with their

Bibles, and read a verse aloud by turns, and told they might ask a question if they could not understand the meaning of the verse, and their godly mother explained it to them; then said their good-night text, and joined in their mother's sweet simple prayer for her cherished children. They were early taught to remember the Sabbath Day, the command of God that it was the Lord's Day—a day of holy rest from week-day employments for the good of their souls and lasting happiness. They had their Bible lessons and hymns to repeat, and were taken regularly to church.

Mrs. Paterson did attend to the religious instruction of all her household. Reminded them of that oft repeated verse,—

'A Sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content,

And health for the toils of to-morrow ;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whatsoe'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.'

Bible words framed adorned the walls of the nurseries and many rooms in her house. Mrs. Paterson was an indulgent mother in giving amusements that tended to the health of her children. Remembering there was a time for all things—for prayer, education, play—and she was a ministering angel to her much-loved children when on a bed of sickness. Mrs. Paterson was very, very fond of dumb animals, and always had a pet dog, which was treated as one of the family. When her children were babes she was often seated with her infant on one knee and her pet dog on the other, caressing both, and the dumb animal did return her affection, sometimes to the discomfort

of visitors, with its loud displeasure of jealousy at the sound of footsteps.

Dear Mrs. Paterson reminded her young family day by day of God's command to her—His words, 'Thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.' She did practise that precept to the close of her days on earth—with her beloved children, Mrs. H. Paterson was very fond of visiting the cottages of the poor, and ministering to their temporal and spiritual wants, and her maid often accompanied her, and sometimes her children, carrying a well-filled basket of food for their bodies, and she carried a well-filled bag of good little books and tracts for distribution among them—food

for their souls. Remembering Jesus had compassion on the hungry ones, and fed their bodies, as well as their souls. She spoke so sweetly to the poor on religion, said such comforting words about Jesus and His great love for them, read the Bible to them, and knelt on the cottage floor, with its inmates, and offered up such an earnest prayer to a throne of grace that all would be led to trust, receive, and keep Jesus in their hearts. She spoke such words of consolation to the sick ones, that brought them comfort in the midst of their trial, and sat at the bedside of the dying, watching them tenderly to the close, praying that they might depart in peace, fearing no evil in the presence of Jesus.

Mrs. P. used to visit the cottage of an infidel, and even there had a welcome in that dark, gloomy dwelling. She did

her utmost to convince his unbelieving mind of the truths revealed to us in the Holy Scriptures, spoke of a Saviour for him, and the happiness of the people whose God is the Lord, and prayed fervently that the light of the glorious Gospel might shine into his heart. He listened to her sweet prayer for his conversion, and thanked her for it. She left the result with God, with Whom all things are possible, saying her constant words, 'Delays to prayer are not denials.'

Mrs. P. used to go down to the fishing-boats on the Tay to speak Gospel words to many rough, hardened, impenitent ones there, and say, 'I have come with a message to you from Jesus. His kind, outstretched hand is waiting to welcome you. He sends you a loving invitation to come unto Me, without money and without price. He shed

His precious Blood on the Cross to wash away all your sins. Jesus says, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow. Though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Do repent of any known sin, and give it up. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved for ever and ever. You may all go to heaven if you choose, where there are pleasures for evermore. To-day is the promise—now. Do listen to the loving invitation of Jesus. He is knocking at the doors of your hearts. Do open them, and let Him in, the sweetest of all companions. How happy you will be to have Jesus in your heart. To-morrow may be too late.' And she prayed fervently by the boats for these fishermen.

Mrs. P. delighted in visiting the cottage of an aged Christian and lonely

widow, who had lost her earthly treasures — a husband, and only son and child. Mrs. P. furnished her room so comfortably for her, and maintained her. Mrs. P. said, 'I could not teach her; but she can teach me a holy lesson when I visit her. How happy and contented real religion makes us! It does me good to listen to her simple Gospel conversation.'

This good old woman told the story of her conversion. She had been a servant in a gentleman's family, and was always attentive to her religious duties—reading her Bible, going to church—and led an outwardly blameless life, but never had joy or peace in believing. One Sabbath evening, when she went to church, the text was from 1 Tim. i. 15. —'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came

into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.' She dated her conversion from that text. The minister explained the finished work of Christ on the Cross for sinners so clearly that, like a flash of lightning, the Holy Spirit opened the eyes of her understanding to understand free grace as she never understood it before. 'By grace are ye saved, according to the good pleasure of His Will, in Whom we have redemption through His Blood, the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of His grace.' She never rested again on her good works to help salvation, trust, and believe. 'It is finished' was written on her heart to the end, and to be zealous in good works, that loving, living faith in Jesus might be manifest, for the glory of God, rewarded according to works, but admitted into heaven only through the one

door—Jesus. And the aged Christian said, 'Now I have joy and peace in believing.'

Mrs. Paterson used to take her friends to visit this meek, happy old woman, who reminded them—

'Contented in our lot to rest,
'Tis thus the Christian serves Him best.'

Like a shock of ripe corn, this blessed old woman was ready for her departure through the merits of her much-loved Saviour, and has entered into the promised rest, where 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard; neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.'

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live.
'Tis religion can supply
Solid comfort when we die.'

Mrs. P. was a generous customer to

the draper's shop in her parish town of Newburgh. She had a Dorcas room in her house, full of ready-made garments, for distribution among the poor and needy, and ragged ones, which were constantly replenished from the shop; so the next customer had not much difficulty in choice of dresses; the master of the shop saying, Mrs. P. has been here and made many purchases. Mrs. P. was also a good customer to the Tract Society. She sowed beside all waters. She seldom walked about her place and grounds empty-handed. Had little books and tracts in her hand ready to give away to labourers, passers by, or any who would accept of them. Yes, she had a word for Jesus, witnessing for Thy dear Name.

'Words for Thee in weakness spoken,
Thou wilt hear, accept, and own,

And confess them in Thy glory,
When we see Thee on Thy throne.'

Mrs. P. was so kind to little children, boys, and girls, and knew their liking for sweeties. She was a liberal customer at the small shop of the confectioner, buying cakes, buns, sweetmeats for the poor and their children, and often carried a well-filled bag of sugar-plums and other sweets to give to the poor children she met in her walks, either in the street or seated at the roadside, or passing by. How she brightened up their little faces in her kind way of giving, a good little book and pat on the back were often included. One day two relatives went to P—— Station to wait the arrival of Mrs. P.'s train from the north, and expected to see a tired, half-asleep traveller—as she had travelled all night in the ordinary first-class carriage; they

were so surprised to see such a bright, beaming, smiling face, all sunshine, looking out at the carriage window on them to welcome them, that their first exclamation was, 'Dear Marianne; how happy you look!' She looked at her maid and touched her heart, and said, 'We must be happy when we have Jesus in our hearts.'

When any professing Christians looked gloomy, she smilingly said, 'do not hang your head down like a bulrush, it does harm to a good cause. Religion should be attractive, for happy are the people whose God is the Lord.' However, the best of Christians are sometimes constitutionally gloomy. Dear Mrs. P. was so charitable in speech; when any one spoke an unkind word of the absent she put in a patch of charity saying, 'I have so many faults of my own that I am

unable to speak about the faults of others.'

Mrs. P. was walking one day with a lady, and she saw a rough man poorly clad, gathering rubbish. The lady said, 'Surely you are not going to speak to that terrible-looking man.' She said sweetly, 'That man has a soul, Jesus died for him.' The immortal soul ever her first concern, remembering there is no respect of persons with God. She saw the man was very, very poor, and trying to earn a crust of bread by filling an old basket with rubbish, she went and spoke some good kind words to him about a Saviour for him, and a brighter inheritance hereafter, gave him a few shillings and a good little book. The rough man stood almost motionless, and melted to tears, when she shook hands with him and bid him good-bye. He prayed that God

would for ever bless her for such unexpected kindness.

Mrs. P.

'Did kind things so kindly,
It seemed her heart's delight,
To make poor people happy,
From morning until night.'

A trial was in store for dear Mrs. Paterson. Her youngest daughter was delicate, and the doctor said it was necessary for her health that she should spend some winters in the south of France. This was a double sorrow to Mrs. P.; the delicate health of her beloved child, and having to leave her fond home of Mugdrum and labours of love among the people there, and her Sunday-school teachings. She and her children had their Bible-class for the boys and girls when the afternoon service was over. But she could say 'The Lord directeth

our steps.' And though absent from her much-loved residence, the poor of the parish were not forgotten in substantial kindnesses.

Mrs. Paterson did many benevolent works in the south of France; Jesus—an ever present Saviour in all places—in her words and actions. In the hotel where she and her family resided she had prayer-meetings in her drawing-room, and invited all in the hotel to come to them, and asked any clergymen who were staying there if they would kindly assist in conducting them. Among those who was glad to do so was the late Rev. Thomas Vorse, Vicar of St. Mary's, Hastings. A few extracts from her pious, affectionate letters home may be quoted :—

'My much loved Sister—Very many thanks for your dear last kind letter.

We had a very refreshing prayer-meeting in our *salon* last Monday—some very practical addresses upon 'following the Lord fully,' as Caleb did of old. How important for Christians to be really consistent, to make Jesus a living bright reality in our heart, that we may show it in our walk and conversation. And then religion is a real joy, nothing gloomy nor sad. We had another nice meeting for prayer in our *salon* last Monday afternoon, conducted by Rev. Mr. Brooks and Rev. Mr. Adams, and a Scotch clergyman staying here; I liked it much. We had a few Christian friends, who joined us; I trust soon to have another. Christian union and sympathy is very precious. While writing the word Progress, it comes into my mind so forcibly, how we as Christians should be daily making Progress in our heavenward

course. I am sure there is nothing satisfying in this passing world, but a close consistent walking with Jesus, our best and dearest Friend; and Who alone can give us the daily, hourly needed help in this the house of our pilgrimage. How merciful the Lord has been in sparing the valuable life of the Prince of Wales; God grant that he may live to be a blessing to the nation.'

On hearing of the serious illness of her sister-in-law, she wrote home, 'I have prayed earnestly that the Lord may spare her valuable life to her dear husband and children, I feel much for them all, but the Lord knows best. How important always to be ready. Life is very uncertain, and it is the only happy way of living, to realise the felt presence of Jesus in our hearts. Remember me most kindly to Elizabeth and the devoted

Selina. How beautiful to see such attachment, it does sweeten life.' The two named had been in service together, and had been a long time at Mugdrum with their mistress, so Mrs. P. was an eye-witness of their devotion to each other, and was so very, very kind to them.

Mrs. P. was kind to servants wherever she went; always took an interest in their welfare; spoke so kindly and gently to them, knowing how much we are indebted to them for our temporal comforts; asked them if it was well with them for time and eternity, and said some sweet words about Jesus; always gave them a good book, and other presents. They said Mrs. Paterson is a godly lady. She was a good Samaritan and ministering angel wherever she went, and most hospitable to all classes.

Mrs. P. heard there was an invalid

lady in the hotel where she was staying, and like her divine copy, wherever she went ministered to their spiritual necessities. Her beautiful prayers at a throne of grace, and kind gentle watching at the bed of sickness, brought such comfort and peace to the suffering invalid. The Rev. Mr. Vorse said to a visitor, a friend of mine has just been here, and said 'That blessed Mrs. Hay Paterson, what a comfort she was to my wife when ill at Cannes. The Holy Spirit made her prayers like refreshing streams flowing from the Fountain of Life, so quenching to a thirsty soul in sickness, and in tribulation soothed the sorrow of an aching, care-worn, broken heart.'

She was gifted from on high with ready prayers for every occasion, taught of God how to speak to Him. Her religion was so practical, a *reality* brought to bear

upon all the duties, pleasures, engagements of every-day life; easy to be seen that Jesus was her constant Companion—in her heart, conversation, and footsteps. She adored her Saviour for His dying love for her; never thought she could serve Him enough; did all for His honour and glory. She loved the Word of God, the Bible. It was not a dead letter to her. She saw God in His Word; it was life and truth, food for her intellect; soul-satisfying, a revelation from God. She searched the Scriptures diligently, and with much prayer, to understand them. So they were opened to her, and written on her heart, memory, and life; so could speak from them to others of the glad tidings of salvation—a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. She was pleased to converse with congenial spirits on holy things, mind to mind; said it was so

strengthening to faith, as 'iron sharpeneth iron;' and increased her knowledge of the Bible, and warmed her heart in spiritual things.

'Blest is the tie that binds our hearts in
Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds is like to that
above.'

She had a beautiful, sanctified expression when talking on religion. It was interesting to listen to her powers of conversation on spiritual things, with relatives, friends, missionaries; talk seasoned with salt. Never was a more humble Christian. In all that she did in His Name, Jesus was her motto: in all her works of charity, emptied of self-praise, self-righteousness —He must increase, I must decrease, gave God the glory.

She was a most kind friend to the poor and needy, eyes to the blind, in

striving, through prayer, to turn many from their crooked path and direct them on the way to heaven.

Dear Mrs. Paterson had to pass through great tribulation from the sudden death of her beloved husband. The day of his death Mr. Paterson was in his usual health, and had been riding about his place with his youngest son; but alas! in the evening of that day was cut down by the hand of death, from heart disease. It was heart-rending sorrow for his bereaved widow indeed, and dear children.

Mrs. Paterson said to a relative, 'When I was in an intense agony of grief, and praying on my knees by the coffin of my beloved husband, for consolation and strength to uphold me from sinking under the deep waves of sorrow, I heard, as it were, these words from

heaven: "What I do, thou knowest not now; but thou shall know hereafter." How these comforting words soothed me, and helped to dry my tears, and brought more resignation for my great loss, and enabled me to say, Thy will, and not my will, be done.'

Mrs. Paterson was brought up to attend the Church of England; but as it was her destiny to reside in a country place in Scotland, she was a most faithful adherent in worshipping in the Church of Scotland, her parish church, and partaking of its holy ordinances, the Lord's Supper, with all the people around her; setting them a bright example not to forsake the assembling of themselves together. 'This do in remembrance of Me.'

Mrs. P. said to some friends, 'As soon as I awake every morning, I say

a prayer that makes me so happy all day.' Alas! the friends did not ask her the words of the prayer, so they cannot be told here. In everything she did she prayed first for grace and guidance, to enable her to do it; leant on a personal Saviour, to be her teacher and counsellor in all things; held loving intercourse with Jesus.

'Yet though I have not seen,
And still must rest in faith
Alone, I love Thee dearest
Lord, and will unseen,
But not unknown.'

It was most easy for Mrs. Paterson to obey the Scripture precept, 'Given to hospitality,' as it was her heart's desire to do so. She was a lover of hospitality without grudging. Whoever came, high or low, rich or poor, young or old, all received the same hearty welcome

from her. Many, many, many, far and near, will remember her dear, kind Mugdrum hospitalities and bountiful table, up and downstairs, and elsewhere. She abounded in liberality and hospitality, received all callers, and showed kindness to all. 'Beloved, thou doest faithfully whatsoever thou doest to the brethren and to strangers.'

Dearest Mrs. H. P. had a double share of sorrows and trials in her journey through life. In the midst of them all there was ever the sweetly calm, unruffled countenance, because she took all her burden to the Burden-bearer, Jesus, and always found support and comfort there, and could speak with affectionate sympathy to others, having had so much sorrow herself.

A clergyman, who has gone to his rest, said to a lady, Mrs. P. had been

a blessing to the parish, with her benevolent works and godly example. A lady friend, who often visited her at Mugdrum, said, 'I will not see her like again.' Some of the aged pensioners about the place used to say, 'I do love the lady of Mugdrum;' and a godly man in one of the cottages said, 'I never knew a more earnest missionary than Mrs. Hay Paterson.'

'To one great aim her heart and hopes were given,
To serve her God, and gather souls to heaven.'

Her Charities.

Her charities were legion, both at home and abroad; some of them are alluded to in letters of condolence and in the funeral sermon. She loved unobtrusive charity, she said 'It is enough if God sees and knows my motive for giving.' But some were like a 'city that is set on an hill,' cannot be hid. So both Scripture precepts will be obeyed—'Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.' 'But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.' Some of her charities told, some untold. A friend of the family at Newburgh-on-Tay, who knew of many

of her charities there and elsewhere, kindly sent the following answer to a request for information about them:—

'In answering your inquiry regarding the charity dispensed in this town and neighbourhood by the Honourable Mrs. Hay Paterson, of Mugdrum, this was so abundant that I fear I may not do her memory justice. She uniformly every year caused a quantity of coals to be distributed amongst the necessitous, both in this parish and in that of Abernethy. For Newburgh Parish there were generally upwards of twenty households who partook of this benefit; there were in Newburgh from eight to ten aged or infirm pensioners, who received of her bounty a supply of bread and beef every week. This most beneficent charity she continued for a long series of years, and it was a help and comfort to many in very reduced circumstances.

'Mrs. Hay Paterson was a regular contributor to many benevolent societies. She was a subscriber to the Governesses Benevolent Aid Society, the Royal Blind Asylum, and to the

Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners Royal Benevolent Society—a society which has banished pretended shipwrecked sailors from the road as mendicants—and has been a help to many in their distress for any public calamity that happened in this town or neighbourhood. Mrs. Hay Paterson was the first to suggest that steps be taken for their relief, and uniformly headed any subscription with a liberal donation. In cases of illness, where parochial relief would not be accepted, she was ever ready to help, and many could tell how bounteously she relieved their necessities; then how frequently she visited them in their homes, and enhanced her gift by the kindly interest she manifested in their welfare.

'Besides these strictly benevolent charities, Mrs. Paterson was a warm supporter of societies that tended to soften the amenities of life. She was patroness of Newburgh District Gardening Society, and annually contributed to its funds; and also to the Gardening Society of Abernethy, and universally attended the annual exhibitions. She also gave valuable

prizes yearly to the scholars attending the parish school, and prizes for Bible knowledge to the pupils of the Madras Female School—an institution which she took a deep interest in. For a year before her death she paid a Bible-woman to read the Scriptures to the sick and to the infirm, who were unable to attend public worship.

'This is a very imperfect account of the lamented Mrs. Hay Paterson's charities, as I have confined myself to those I know about; but many can tell that wherever there was distress requiring relief, her purse and countenance were ever ready. I need not speak of the annual treats to the children attending the parochial Sabbath School. Her bounty on those occasions was overflowing, and the pleasure they afforded will be long remembered by scholars and teachers at home, as well as by many who have gone to distant lands, as a bright spot in their memory, which they delight to recall.'

It may truthfully be said of the adored Mrs. Hay Paterson—'She hath done

what she could. Stretcheth out her hands to the poor. Reacheth forth her hands to the needy.'

Little Jane Hay.

Dear Mrs. Hay Paterson, with calm composure, loved to relate a few interesting, touching details about her beloved little daughter, Jane Hay Paterson, who died of scarlet fever aged four years and five months. She used to say a little book ought to have been written about the very early piety of that darling child. So, in remembrance of these words, a few well-known incidents in the very short life of that sweet, holy, little lamb shall be narrated in these pages, the fond mother and her much-loved child in memory linked together.

Little Jane Hay was a pretty, fair child, with blue eyes and flaxen hair, the pet of the nursery and the house, so

sweet-tempered, good, and obedient. She had such a coaxing, winning manner—was so affectionate to her parents. Her pious mother had taught her to lisp the name of Jesus almost as soon as she could say papa and mamma, and, when able to understand, told her to thank God for everything, and never to forget her grace before meals; and at the tender age of twenty months she would lift up her tiny hands for grace to be said before eating her rusks, and early knew Sunday was the Lord's Day, and would not play with the same toys on Sundays as she did on week days. She was so intelligent and unselfish—would share or give any of her toys to her little playmates in the nursery.

Her name was Jane, but she was always called Ninnie, and, in alluding to herself, said, 'Ninnie can do this,' or

'Ninnie knows that.' When standing at her mother's knee, and saying her Bible questions, texts, hymns, she repeated them with so much feeling and emphasis—her little heart was in the answers and words. She quite surprised her teacher and hearers, so very young a child putting so much feeling into her answers. When saying her favourite verse of the Bible, St. John, xxi. 15—'Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Lovest thou Me more than these?'—the warmth of her answer was marvellous and touching—'Yea, Lord, Thou—knowest—that I love Thee,' said so earnestly from her little heart, as if she was answering a person she saw and adored. Her mamma said, 'How does Ninnie know that Jesus loves her?' She answered, with such earnestness, 'Oh, dear mamma, Ninnie does know that! Jesus said,

"Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven. And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them." Oh, dear mamma, Ninnie does know that. Jesus does love her!'

One day when Ninnie was running and playing games with her brothers and sister in the lovely grounds of Mugdrum, the little quick eyes saw at a distance a relative seated on a garden-chair. The dear, kind child left her playmates, flew to the garden to pick some flowers, and came running up, saying sweetly, 'Some gathered flowers for you.' Little did the receiver of them think that in a few short weeks that rosy, healthy, bright little spirit herself would be a gathered flower, plucked from this earth to blossom for ever in heaven!

Yes; the days of that beloved, promising child were about to be numbered. The scarlet fever epidemic broke out in the neighbourhood, and little Jane Hay took it most severely. The doctor said from the first her case was a very grave one, and in two or three days more pronounced her recovery hopeless.

What words of anguish for the poor parents, who did so adore their good, lovable, engaging child! She was like a little angel on her bed of sickness and death. Though suffering intensely from fever and sore throat, she was so gentle; never frowned nor said a cross word; took meekly everything that was brought to her in the way of medicine and diet—never said she disliked this or that. It was a pleasure to minister to such a patient little sufferer.

Her dear mamma and nurse, when

seated at her bed, watching the cherished child, could not control their tears. Ninne looked first at one and then at the other, and said, 'What are you crying for? Ninnie is so happy. Ninnie is going to Jesus,'—trying to soothe their sorrow with these comforting words.

Her end now was near. The throat was gradually closing, her much-loved little voice silent—gone. Her fond mother brought some grapes to moisten her throat, and put one to her mouth. The little pet closed her lips, and could only shake her head, and gave such an earnest, imploring look at her mother, who at once understood she had omitted saying grace over the grape. She then offered up a short prayer of thanks, and the little darling opened her mouth and took the grape to moisten her parched

throat. A few hours afterwards that blessed, holy child fell asleep in Jesus, to bloom for ever in heaven.

The clergyman of the parish said, 'She was a most remarkable child—such very, very early piety seen in all her actions. Blessed, blessed mother, you did your duty to your precious gift from the Lord; you did remember the message of God to you—"Take this child, and nurse it for Me;" you did train her daily in the nursery for heaven; you saw your prayers answered—that the good seed sown might be rooted in the tender soil of the young heart of your prized child, and watered with the dew of the Divine blessing; and its sweet, lovely fruits were seen so very, very early in all her engaging little ways.'

'Jesus wept' at the grave of Lazarus;

and the bereaved mother's tears fell on the little coffin of her beloved child, but in much sorrow was comforted, knowing that her fondly-loved little lamb was safe for ever and ever in the fold of the Good Shepherd, and in calm resignation said, 'Thy will be done.'

'Holy child now with Jesus
And the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints His praises,
To learn the angels' song.'

Last Illness and Death.

On the return of Mrs. Hay Paterson and family from the Continent, they resided some weeks at Kensington, to be near a relative there, and then took a house at Brighton; but a few days before going there, Mrs. Paterson caught a severe cold and sore throat. A relative advised her to keep her room for two or three days. But she said sweetly, 'I am not able to do so, I have so many things to attend to.' On the first Sunday after her arrival at Brighton, she went to Dr. Winslow's church, and partook of the Holy Sacrament there, and went again on the Wednesday evening to the prayer-meeting there. On returning home, she felt very poorly, and retired to

rest. On the following morning, Thursday, September 4th, she was suffering much and in great pain, so she sent for the doctor. Alas! he pronounced her illness to be fearful typhoid fever—what she and all dear to her had thought only a severe cold. The following is the doctor's account of her last illness :—'I was called in on the fourteenth day of her attack, and immediately ordered her food and stimulants every hour, to try to rally her. This support was increased every few minutes, as her system was so weakened when she ought to have been supported by nourishment and everything strengthening, that she was so lowered she fell an easy prey to disease. But the die was cast, no power could keep the heart up, and she sank last evening (Saturday, September 6th) most peacefully and tranquilly, that we around

the bed could not say the moment when she passed to be for ever with her Saviour. I feel she was blessedly ready, and that it was the Lord's good time to take her thus easily to be with Himself. I grieve for those who are deprived of such a relative.'

Blessed Mrs. Paterson, she did watch and pray, ever ready for the coming of the Bridegroom; her lamp trimmed with the brightest and most perfect of lights, the oil of living faith in the cleansing Blood of the Lamb of God for salvation.

'Christ's finished work thro' boundless grace,
Has there secured my dwelling-place.'

Dr. Winslow, who prayed by her dying bed, wrote to a friend:—'Mrs. Paterson had not one shadow of a doubt or fear of death, she welcomed it with a smile on her face.'

Her lovely face had a beautiful smile

and glorified expression in the sleep of death.

Words cannot express the intense grief and sorrow far and near on the sad intelligence of the almost sudden death of the much beloved Mrs. Hay Paterson. A double portion of deepest sympathy was felt for her dear afflicted orphan children being so suddenly bereaved of their fond mother's love, who had been their guardian star in the things of time and for eternity.

'That mother's love—hows weet the name!
What was that mother's love?
The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,
That kindles from above;
Within a heart of earthly mould,
As much of heaven as heart can hold,
Nor through eternity grows cold,
This was that mother's love.'

May the Faithful Promiser fulfil His

promise to her beloved children: 'I will be the orphan's stay.'

Yes! beloved one, *this may* be written on your tombstone:—'I have glorified Thee on the earth: I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do.'

The remains were taken to Scotland, and the funeral took place from her favourite residence, Mugdrum, for interment in the family burying-ground at Abernethy, Perthshire.

'Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now!
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

'Dust to its narrow house beneath;
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.'

The Account of the Death and Funeral

In the 'Perthshire Constitutional and Journal.'

'THE HONOURABLE MRS. HAY PATERSON, OF MUGDRUM.

'IT is with feelings of deep sorrow that we announce the death of the Honourable Mrs. Hay Paterson, of Mugdrum, after a brief illness. Mrs. Paterson, by kindly intercourse, had made herself beloved by all classes; and every one who knew her bewails her death as a personal loss. Her hand was ever open to help and befriend the poor and the needy; and countless deeds of charity and kindness, unknown to any, were constantly being done by

her. She took a deep interest in the religious welfare of the people, and took an active part in whatever she thought was calculated to promote that end. The kindly hospitality shown by her and her family, year after year, at Mugdrum, to the children of the parochial Sunday School will be dwelt upon by all who ever witnessed her concern for the happiness and enjoyment of all present with pleasureable recollections, now sadly mingled with regret that they will see her face no more. In any calamity that befell those in Newburgh or neighbourhood she did not wait till solicited for aid; she was the first to proffer help. In everything that concerned the welfare of the people of Newburgh she lent a helping hand. Her very last public contribution was to the funds of the Public Library, an

institution which her husband helped to originate, and which she always looked upon as an important instrument for the intellectual culture of the rising generation. The gift of a site, and the erection of the parish school, pronounced by the inspector of the Board of Education to be superior to any parish school in the county, remains a monument of her munificence and the deep interest she took in the education of the young. Her latest expression on the subject was the earnest hope that the religious instruction of the pupils be made an indispensable part of their education.

'The Honourable Mrs. Hay Paterson was the youngest daughter of Alexander, Eighth Lord Elibank, and was only in the fiftieth year of her age. She died at Lansdowne Place, Brighton, on the evening of the 6th September, after a brief

attack of typhoid fever. Mrs. Paterson leaves two sons and two daughters. The deepest sympathy is felt by all classes for them in their sad bereavement.'

'FUNERAL OF THE HON. MRS. HAY PATERSON, OF MUGDRUM.

'THE mortal remains of the Hon. Mrs. Paterson, of Mugdrum, who died on the 6th inst., at Brighton, were interred in the family burying-ground in Abernethy Cemetery, on Saturday afternoon. The body had been brought from Brighton, on Thursday, to Newburgh, and at the station was received by Mr. Wilson, factor for the estates; and Mr. Ross, the resident manager from Newburgh Station.

'The body was conveyed to Mugdrum House, and as it passed through the town most of the shops were closed, and great numbers of the inhabitants turned out. The family of the deceased came from Brighton on Friday. The funeral on Saturday was largely attended. The Town Council of Newburgh met in the Town Hall at half-past twelve o'clock, and afterwards proceeded to Mugdrum House. The funeral service was commenced in Mugdrum House at a quarter to one o'clock, the Rev. Mr. Edgar, Newburgh, officiating to one company, and Rev. Mr. Graham, Errol, to another. Thereafter the coffin containing the body was placed in the hearse, and the funeral *cortège* left Mugdrum. The hearse was drawn by four horses, and after it was the family carriage, twelve mourning coaches, and sixteen private carriages,

and other vehicles. During the whole of the funeral ceremony the shops in the town of Newburgh and in the village of Abernethy were closed, and the bells tolled at intervals. A very large number of the inhabitants of Newburgh witnessed the funeral procession leaving the grounds of Mugdrum. At Abernethy nearly the whole of the inhabitants were out observing the procession to the graveyard. The coffin was taken out of the hearse at the entrance to Abernethy Cemetery, and was borne shoulder-high to the family burying-ground of Mugdrum. Rev. Mr. Blatch (St. John's Episcopal Church, Perth) read the English service at the grave, and the interment of the body took place.

'The pall-bearers were:— Mr. Edmund Paterson Balfour Hay, Mr. P. Hay Paterson, the Right Hon. Lord Elibank,

Hon. Dudley Murray, Sir William Dunbar, Bart., Hon. John Rollo, Mr. Uthred Dunbar, and Mr. W. C. Dunbar. Among the other gentlemen who attended the funeral, were Mr. Irving, Essex; Mr. John Rollo; Col. H. M. Drummond Hay, of Seggieden; Mr. Greig, of Glencarse; Mr. Gillespie, of Mountquhunie; Mr. Wedderburn, of Birkhill; Mr. Cathcart, of Pitcairlie; Mr. W. B. Skene, of Pitlour; Mr. A Hamilton-Bruce, of Falkland, Sheriff; Maitland Heriot; Captain Montgomery, of Hatton Burn; Mr. Turnbull, of Bellwood; Mr. Hay, of Morton; Mr. Russell, of Kenby Green; Mr. Guild, Lindores House; Mr. A. Laing, banker, Newburgh; Rev. Dr. Graham, Errol; Rev. Mr. Edgar, Newburgh; Mr. Wilson, factor for the estates; Mr. Ross, resident manager; Rev. Mr. Blatch, Perth; Rev. Mr. Gaul, Dundee

(formerly family tutor); Rev. Mr. Young U. P. Church, Newburgh; Rev. Mr. Scott, Greenside, Edinburgh; Rev. Mr. Clark, U. P. Church, Abernethy; Rev. Mr. Stevenson, Free Church, Abernethy; Dr. Macfarlane; Rev. Mr. Fisher, Flisk; Mr. Hodgson, Cupar; &c. &c. The whole of the tenantry of Leys, Mugdrum, Carpow, and Randerston also attended the funeral. The coffin was covered with the choicest flowers.

'"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

'"Thou art gone to the grave! But we will not deplore thee,
While God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and He will restore thee,
And death hath no sting, for the Saviour hath died."'

A few Extracts from Letters of Condolence to the Bereaved Relatives.

'A bright gem has indeed been taken to adorn her Saviour's crown.'

'DEAR P.,—We offer our most sincere condolence with you, your sisters, and brother. Truly you will feel your loss to be irreparable; but there is One who can comfort the mourner. God has seen fit to take to Himself one who was indeed by her earnestness in religion and holy piety well fitted, ripe for the garner of the Lord. Her memory is indeed blessed; and while you and yours have lost the

best of mothers, we and hundreds more have lost a truly valued friend, whose society we all felt it a great privilege—I may add—a great blessing, to enjoy. Of course to us, as to you also, her death is a sudden blow.'

FROM CLERGYMEN.

The Reverend Mr. Edgar,
Minister of the Parish Church, Newburgh, Fife.

'Dear S.,—The blow is dreadful. We are all stunned by it. What must be your sufferings, who have lost one of the dearest and most devoted parents that ever breathed. It was dreadfully sudden. Oh, try to think of your mother's faith, and love, and devotion, not to her

Saviour only, but to all whom the Lord would have to be saved. If she offered her life a sacrifice, even a hopeless sacrifice, consider that it was out of the self-denying affection which nothing but Scripture language can describe—"When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." You need strength, for the Lord has made you all orphans indeed; but now He will be a Father to you. If she, the loved and lost, is happy, strive not to grieve. If already she is crowned, endeavour to praise the Lord even when He takes away. This day, in church, I briefly announced the death, and the whole congregation fervently joined me in prayer for you all, entreating the Lord to be merciful and gracious to you all in this the time of your great affliction and unspeakable bereavement.'

The REVEREND THOMAS VORSE, *of St. Mary's Church, Hastings.*

'MY DEAR S.,—I received with much sorrow the announcement of your excellent mother's death. For her to depart and be with Christ is far better; but to her children the loss is very, very great.'

The REVEREND MAXWELL NICHOLSON, *of St. Stephen's Church, Edinburgh.*

'MY DEAR E.,—It was a dreadful shock to me to hear of the death of your dear mother. You have lost a most loving mother, and one who taught you to walk in the way of life. May her prayers for you all be abundantly answered, and may her God be a Father to you. She has gone to be with Jesus, and He, I trust, is comforting those she has left behind her. May He be with you all to comfort and

to guide. Deepest sympathy for you all and much affection.'

CANON BALDWIN, *Montreal, Canada.*

'MY DEAR MR. P.,—I cannot tell you how stunning the news was to us of your dear mother's decease. We are greatly overcome by the news. I only say what I feel when I say that the friendship which sprung up between us, and which she was pleased so sweetly and unaffectedly to foster, formed to my wife and myself one of the brightest treasures which we were permitted to find in our years' wanderings from home. She has gone to her better home above, let us follow her to the same mansions, looking unto Jesus. But you sorrow not as those without hope. Thank God for that.

'My dear P.,—What a lesson! What a warning to us all to be ready. Blessed be God that we know she was. Oh, how she will be missed at Newburgh!'

The REVEREND MR. BROOKS, *Cannes, France.*

'DEAR P.,—I cannot express how shocked I have been to hear of your dear mother's death. She has gone to her reward, gone to His presence for which she longed, for which translation she for long had waited with patience and hope. But for you, her children, what an irreparable loss! I hardly dare to write of it. I need not say what a blank will be caused by her removal at Hyères and Cannes, for you know this well, we don't find many such as we pass through life, and should value them more while we have them.'

From the MINISTER OF ABERFELDY.

'MY DEAR S.,—This is, indeed, humanly speaking, an irreparable loss which you have sustained in being deprived of so devoted and truly excellent a mother. But the good Lord is able to overrule the sore affliction for your real good. I pray that it may be so. I trust you will never forget that by earnestly seeking Christ and closely following Him, you would most please her who has gone to be with her Lord; and that by making choice of the same Saviour and portion you will, after a brief separation, join her in the happy land where death is not.'

FROM SERVANTS.

'DEAR MADAM,—I must say it is a very great loss, the death of our beloved mistress, not only to ourselves but to

the whole neighbourhood. Her acts of Christian charity will be told to generations yet unborn, for whom she worked and prayed to her beloved Redeemer and Master. Words cannot tell you the gloom it has cast over this neighbourhood. Mr. E. preached a very impressive sermon in Newburgh Church, and Rev. Mr. F. in Abernethy Church, there was scarcely a dry eye in the church. There are in Newburgh at present thirty-five old people she entirely kept alive herself by her own bounty, besides other Christian Associations she supported, that will feel the loss of her. She had always a kindly word, an open purse to every one; but she never spoke to any one without putting in a word for her blessed Master and Redeemer, whom it was her whole desire to serve. But dear Madam, we must not despond,

for she is now amongst the ransomed, and with her Redeemer; for while taken away from us her kind words ring in our ears ("Come to Jesus"). The only way to love and respect her memory is to obey the commands she gave us while with us, to come to her dear Jesus and follow her footsteps; and in a few short years I trust we shall meet her in heaven never to part any more. I am very sorry for her orphan children, and our earnest prayers is to God to keep them in the path of duty, and that they may follow in their mother's footsteps.'

'MADAM,—I know well I may search far and wide before I shall meet such a thorough Christian mistress as the one I have lost. I shall never forget her daily good counsel and example of love to all

around her. I think I see that beaming smile still, which I am sure must have been a foretaste of heaven. I am sorry to hear Mr. H. is poorly; I am sure he lost his best earthly friend when God called home his darling mother. I will try to profit by many, many lessons of the loving, gentle life of your happy sister. She often told me "Oh, C., we may all meet in heaven if we will."'

'DEAR MISS,—We were indeed deeply grieved when we heard of dear Mrs. Paterson's death, it came so dreadfully sudden upon us, for we had not heard of her illness. Oh! how she will be missed, the dear kind friend that she was to all she knew. "God bless her" has been echoed by many hundred tongues, and I am sure she is blessed far more. There

is no doubt but what she was ripe for the kingdom of glory.. Little W. (a small boy four years old) was so fond of her, he used to say he liked her sweet face. I was speaking of her to him one evening after her death, when all at once he burst into tears and begged of me not to say any more about her. Because he said, "It made him cry, and he didn't want to." Wasn't it natural? It made a deep impression on me. It seemed to prove how real his fondness for her was.'

FROM FRIENDS.

'My dear Miss,—I cannot express how deeply I feel for the family. The loss of their mother is to them irreparable; and the suddenness of the event must intensify the trial. The

telegram of her death came to Newburgh on Sabbath morning, and occasioned the deepest sorrow in all quarters. Mrs. Paterson was universally esteemed and loved in the place; indeed, no one could hear of her Christian goodness, and lowly walk, and not feel she ennobled the rank in which Providence had placed her. I never left Mrs. Paterson without thinking how very lovely is a true Christian. Yes, my dear Miss ——, your friend is above, and at the fountain of all bliss. It must have been a wrench from those she loved, and who clung so to her; but I feel sure she committed them to One who can console, defend, and renew. She will be missed very much here; but when He says come up hither, those who remain must be dumb. Survivors mourn best who live and

walk as our lost one, who followed the Master. We must all be gathered, and Providence determines the way. Sincere sympathy and love.'

'Dear Mrs. ——, When we think how perfectly prepared she was to quit this life of sorrow and care, for her sake we cannot mourn. But for you, and all she has left behind, the cup is indeed full.'

'Dear Mrs. P.,—Your mother did much good in her generation; and to all belonging to her, and to all around her, and to many whom she happened to come into contact, her memory will be long cherished.'

'Dear Mrs. ——, How much I feel for Mrs. Paterson's children, more

particularly the two dear young ladies, left to deplore and lament their irreparable loss, of so good and tender a mother. But the Almighty God thought it best to take to Himself, in His great mercy, your good and saintly sister, that she may be happier than if she had been spared to feel the sorrows and troubles that might have been her lot in this world.'

'DEAREST MRS. ——, Your sweet sister was ready for the change. She had for many years given herself to God (as much as a human being in this world could do); and she has gone to the eternal home and happiness she prayed for. She needs no tears; but those to whom she was so dear must weep at their loss; that in this world

her loving care for them is over; her dear self absent, making an aching void in heart and eyes. You nor they can fail to find consolation in the knowledge that she was fit to die, and she has gone but a little time before those she loved.'

'Dear Mrs. ——, How sincerely I feel for you in your great loss, and for the dear family, now left orphans. Their loss is their mother's gain, for she was ever ready for glory—so pure, and good, and true. . . . To you she makes another tie in heaven.'

'Dear Friend,—What a bright lining the cloud has, when we think of the present happiness of her whose loss

is so sorely felt. We cannot at present realise this; and it is intended that we should feel deeply. No chastisement for the present is joyous, but grievous.'

'Dearest Mrs. ——, But oh! what a consolation to know, that your loss is her gain; that she is with the Saviour she so much loved while on earth, Whom though then she saw not yet she loved, and now she sees Him, and is with Himself.

'My Dear Mrs. ——, How lamentable a loss for that young family! But God will be their Father now, and the bright example of the lost parent will

shine brighter still from her place in heaven. The saddest loss that can befall a child of God is being deprived of such an earthly comfort and prop and blessing as your dear sister was to you. Indeed, she bore on her sweet, calm, loving face that heaven was her Home.'

'DEAR MR. P.,—I shall ever remember your dear mamma as one who realised a Christian life. How bright was her teaching and example on all earthly trials. Her loving heart, her cheerful temper, and generous heart, and her open hand to help all who needed. She will reap the reward of sowing to God and her Saviour, as she did so zealously and yet so humbly.'

FROM RELATIVES.

'When I think of dear E.'s beloved mother, I always think I never new any one riper for heaven than she was; and although I miss her—I cannot express how much—yet I feel she is now associating with her equals—angels in heaven. When I think of her beautiful, glorious expression of face, it seemed while on earth she had a foretaste of heaven. Christ had entered her heart, and He was ever with her. Oh! dear C., I feel that your beloved sister is far more happy with her Saviour, whom she served so faithfully when on earth.'

'Dear C.,—Be assured of my deep sympathy with you. As her like was rare in every sense, her loss to her

daughters will be great, as she was all to them, being such a bright, good, excellent guide.'

'My Dearest,—The sad, most melancholy tidings has reached me that that beloved, sweet, holy being, Marianne Paterson, has left this world to go to her Father in heaven, through the merits of our Saviour, Whom she loved when on earth. For those left behind it is a fearful blow: her orphan children, now left at so early an age, without that sweet, devoted mother. May God bless, support, and guide them, for no earthly friend can fill her place to them. She was so loved, admired, and respected.'

'Dearest C.,—We can only mourn for her as lost to us, but gone before us.

We all know what a beautiful life she has ever led, and is now with her kind heavenly Father.'

'DEAREST C.,—The unexpected death of your beloved sister has overpowered every one with grief. Her daughters, M. and C., told me the last time she was able to speak to them, by her bedside in the evening, she said, "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."'

'MY DEAREST C.,—We cannot doubt her death would be precious in the sight of God, our heavenly Father; and that she will now be enjoying rivers of pleasure for evermore, and be with her Saviour whom she loved and trusted while on earth. K. tells me, as you might expect, she died like an angel.'

Concluding Part of Sermon,

Preached at Abernethy, by the Rev. R. F. FISHER, *on the 14th of September (being the day after the funeral of the* Hon. Mrs. HAY PATERSON, *of Mugdrum*), 1873.

'Wherefore comfort one another with these words.' (1 THESS. IV. 18.)

AFTER the passage from the 13th to the 17th verse inclusive had been expounded, the discourse was closed.

'We are led, my dear friends, in the solemn and mysterious providence of God, to speak to you of another call to us to prepare for the second coming of the Son of Man, by the death of a lady whose residence was in the neighbourhood, and who was a holder of extensive property in this parish. She was intimately known to the most of

you, and was seen by every one to be adorned with excellencies of character, and endowed with personal attractions in no ordinary degree. In you all, rich and poor, she took a deep, a lively interest; and this was, we know, reciprocated by you.

'The Honourable Mrs. Hay Paterson, therefore, we cannot but name in this pulpit, in which we have this day been requested to officiate in the absence of your esteemed pastor; and we venture to name her as a lady like to whom few are to be found. Not only was she of high rank, she possessed also abundance of the world's means; and her delight was ever to act with an open hand in dispensing the bounties God had given her. Indeed, like her Divine Master, she was ever "going about doing good." She rejoiced to

visit the lowest hovel, so that wherever around her dwelling there was poverty or distress to be met, she never left, we believe, without constraining all the inmates to be cheered. What medicine to the afflicted is more effective than the genial smile, and the cordial shake of the hand, and the kindly word of a lady who had evidently given herself to the Lord, and so did all in His Name! We are not aware of knowing the time when first she felt the power of redeeming love on her soul, and so cordially espoused the cause of Christ; still we may express our belief, during the long period we had the privilege of intercourse with her, she ever manifested that she was indeed a child of God; was of "the salt of the earth," a "light of the world," so was never ashamed of the cause or cross of her Redeemer.

Hence, any coldness she experienced from some in regard to her great efforts to advance the spiritual welfare of the community, she never halted, but onwards persevered, to the delight of the many of all denominations who had the privilege of enjoying her society, or of witnessing her abundant labours. Mrs. Hay Paterson was a devoted member of the Church of Scotland, and for long a teacher in the Newburgh parish Sabbath School. She was to the close of life a willing and large contributor to the Church's many schemes of Christian philanthropy. Week-day schools, as well as Sabbath Schools and young men's Christian Associations have, in her death, lost a friend, in regard to whom we may ask, "Where shall we see her like again?"

'The cause of missions in general, at

home and abroad, religious conferences, and, above all, the conversion of souls, were precious to her. Not unfrequently have we been honoured to meet many of her associates, and to spend nights under the roof at Mugdrum; and the conversation, and the enjoyment of such company brought to all present, we believe, a foretaste of heaven. Nor were the people of Newburgh forgotten on such occasions. Public meetings were held for prayer, for singing songs of Zion, for addresses, and for social intercourse, to which they were invited. Who that was present at the last crowded social gathering (in the Mason's Hall), at which ministers of various denominations, along with Brownlow North, Esq., took part, can ever forget the pleasure depicted on every countenance, owing to the indefatigable ser-

vice of the honourable lady herself, seconded by that of her two gentle, estimable daughters, also of her two sons and relatives, and many ladies and gentlemen of the town; all the others, indeed, following cheerfully in the steps of the kind entertainer? And who can forget the succeeding spiritual services? Probably we have never attended a meeting of the kind altogether so delightful, or which left a deeper impression on the minds of all!

'Beloved friends, what must heaven be, furnished with its countless multitudes of holy, happy ones, all being thus perfectly like to Jesus! and who does not long to mingle with that glorious ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands of the redeemed, the sanctified, the saved?

'We cannot doubt that our dear de-

parted friend, so suddenly, so unexpectedly summoned away, in the midst of her extraordinary usefulness in Jesus, and who, like Stephen, at the close, just fell asleep, like him also could say, "Lo! I see the heaven open and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God;" standing to plead for His "friend" engaged in the last struggle; standing to ward off all spiritual enemies; standing to welcome, to embrace in His holy arms, her in whom He sees "of the travail of His soul, and is satisfied."

'Mrs. Hay Paterson (how that name is associated in one's ears with loving-kindness!), though dead, is speaking to us, calling on all who profess to have loved her, to join in earnest prayer in behalf of the long-time fatherless, and now also motherless, family she so loved, but whom, at the call of her

Lord and Saviour, she has left behind. To ourselves our late friend years ago spoke with deep maternal anxiety of the great loss her sons experienced in their being without a father to counsel and to guide them; and now, alas! with them, the daughters have been deprived of both their guides and of their companion, their mother; dear to them all as their own souls. What a noble tribute, then, to the memory of that godly lady would it be should the whole district unite in pleading in behalf of the family, in this time of sore bereavement; and especially for the fulfilment of the gracious promise to which David clung, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will lift me up."

'Had I now the ear of these dear young persons I would say to them individually, Go, copy the example of her whose de-

parture you are now mourning, and if you do so, you will follow the example of the disciples of John the Baptist, who, when they had buried the body of their Master, "went and told Jesus." Go then, young friends, and tell Jesus. Speak all your cares before Him, and confidently expect the full answer to your godly mother's prayers for you; and who can conceive her joy when she hears the news of all this before the throne. On telling Jesus you will hear Him say, "Fear not, I will never leave you nor forsake you;" and from out of the darkness that surrounds the tomb, hear Him in the "still small voice" of salvation saying, "Fear not, I am the resurrection and the life, he that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Rejoice, then, that though you are called on to sorrow, it is not as those who have no hope,

nay, a well-grounded hope, if you love and serve Jesus, of meeting again in glory.

"A few short years of evil past,
We reach that happy shore,
Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet to part no more."

Wherefore comfort one another with these words of inspiration: — "But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope; for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again; even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven

with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first, then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we be ever with the Lord." And let us, too, brethren, in the times of our bereavements, comfort one another with these words. Amen.'

In another funeral sermon, preached on the death of Mrs. Hay Paterson, she was mentioned as 'queenliest of the dead.'

Before this Memoir was completed, the youngest daughter of the HONOURABLE MRS. HAY PATERSON *had gone home; so a few comments from the pulpit by the* REV. MR. EDGAR, *Minister of Newburgh, on her early and lamentable death, will be added to this Memoir.*

Charlotte Emily de Haya Paterson.

'At Dinan, on the northern coast of France, the 12th of September, 1879, Charlotte Hay Paterson breathed her last. She had suffered long and severely, so that her friends were glad to see her at rest. Her end was peaceful, for she died trusting in our blessed Redeemer, and in the well-grounded hope of everlasting life in Christ. The Lord orders all things wisely, and we must learn to submit, even when we do not clearly understand His doings. Believing in His unvarying faithfulness and unbounded love, let us meekly say, "Father, Thy will be done."

'Miss Charlotte was the youngest member of the Mugdrum family — a family justly esteemed and greatly beloved by the inhabitants of Newburgh.

Her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Paterson, was long associated with every good and religious enterprise here; her memory is revered for her piety, and her name is treasured by many who knew and benefited by her kindness and generosity. This amiable lady was called away suddenly from her schemes of benevolence, and now her daughter has been removed by death at the early age of twenty-two. We cannot but lament the premature closing of a life that promised to be as useful and as honouring to God as it was beautiful and attractive to all who felt its influence. We mourn her loss, because her bright smile cheered us, and her patient endurance encouraged us in the battle of life. Her heart was pure and her life unsullied; it was her delight to do one a favour, and the gracious manner of her

kindness added to it another charm. In all her disappointments—and they were many; in all her trials—and they were sore; she was never heard to murmur, or seen to frown. Glory be to God for the riches of His grace, by which she was enabled to lead so good a life, to prove so true a disciple of Jesus, to be Christ-like in all her conduct, and finally, through Christ, to gain the victory over death, and to inherit eternal life in heaven.

'May He Who shed tears at the grave of Lazarus pity and comfort the bereaved relatives of the deceased, that they may be saved by the hope of the Gospel from the miseries of a chequered life. "Be up and doing while the day lasts, for the night cometh in which no man can work." "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."'